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COMIC

NOVEMBER

10¢

# Tom and Jerry Comics



A 52 page  
Comic  
Magazine



# Keeps 'em on good spookin' terms

Tricks or Treats are lots more fun than chasing little spooks away from the front gate. Here's the trick that keeps 'em on good spookin' terms... Milky Way candy, with that thick milk chocolate coating covering a dreamy, rich caramel layer over a double helping of malted milk nougat...m-m-m!  
Halloween's on the way so be ready with plenty of luscious Milky Ways.

Buy 'em by the box for  
"Tricks or Treats"



M-m-milky Way...

your money can't buy more. \*m-m-m-m\*!

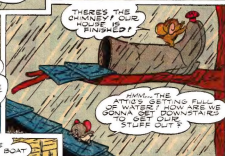


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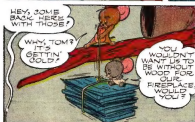
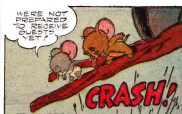
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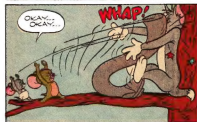




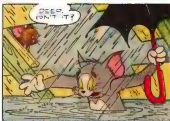
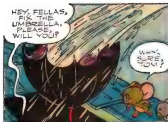


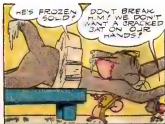




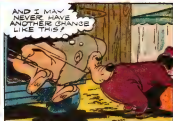


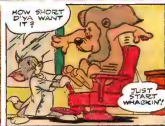


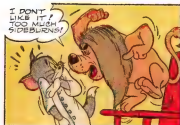




M-G-M  
CARTOONS  
present  
*the  
Adventures  
of Tom*



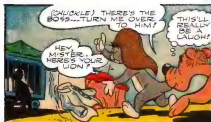


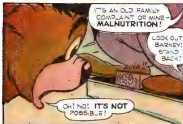




























MGM CARTOONS  
present  
**Big SPIKE**  
and  
**Little TYKE**

SEEMS TO ME IT'S ABOUT  
TIME THE MISTRESS PUT  
SOME BONES OUT  
FOR US, TYKE!

I THINK SHE'S ABOUT  
TO BRING THE  
TURKEY BONES  
OUT NOW, POP!

TURKEY BONES!  
THEY'RE  
NO GOOD!

WHAT'S  
WRONG  
WITH 'EM?

NEVER CHEW TURKEY  
BONES, SON! YOU  
MIGHT **CHOKE**  
ON 'EM!

BUT, POP, THAT  
OL' CAT'S SON'  
FOR 'EM!

GOOD! WE'LL  
STICK AROUND  
AND WATCH  
THE FUN!

GO ON, PUSSYCAT,  
CHEW ON THOSE BONES!  
WE'D LIKE TO SEE  
YOU DO IT!

OH, I'M TOO  
SMART FOR  
THAT  
BUSTER!

THIS IS THE ONLY BONE  
I WANT AND I DON'T  
INTEND TO  
EAT IT!

THE  
WISH-  
BONE!





GET FREE  
DREGS











Winter was coming to Apple Tree Lane. The wind howled and shrieked as it raced through the orchard. It ripped all the pretty leaves off the trees and scattered them far and wide. It tumbled little birds about in the air, ruffling their feathers and frightening them.

"Oh! This AWFUL wind!" cried Mrs. Bluebird to her sons, Bertie and Billie. "We must leave for the South immediately, or Old Man Winter will surely catch us!"

"I'm not going!" announced Bertie with an air of importance. "I'm spending THIS winter in the snow!"

"BERTIE!" gasped his mother. "You'll do no such thing! Why, you'd die of cold and hunger in no time!"

"Not me!" answered Bertie. "I can take care of myself!"

Mrs. Bluebird tried and tried to talk Bertie out of it, but he was too stubborn to listen to her. She finally gave up, and she and Billie flew South, leaving Bertie to spend his winter in the snow.

For several weeks after his family had gone, Bertie had a wonderful time. He was delighted with the first flurry of snowflakes that danced in the air. "Oooh!" he twittered. "I LOVE snow! It's so soft and white and sparkly!"

But one morning, Bertie awakened to find that something very strange had happened to the soft white snow. It was covered with a hard icy crust, and long glistening icicles hung from the roofs of houses and the branches of trees.

"Cheepers!" he cried. "What's happened?"

Puzzled by this new ice world, Bertie decided to ask Ann Chickadee about it. She would know. She spent all her winters in the snow.

He flew to her house, but Ann was not there. "She's probably at the Birdman's, eating her breakfast," he thought to himself. For Ann had told him that the Birdman fed the winter birds when the snow was deep. And being very hungry, Bertie zoomed off to join her.

But all he found at the Birdman's house was an unfriendly, frightening silence. There were no feeding trays, no birds of any kind — and no sign of the Birdman, either.

"Oh!" cried Bertie. "I don't understand it! Where IS everybody?"

Cold, hungry, and miserable, he turned away. He would have to find his breakfast by himself.

He flew to the meadow where he had found fat, delicious worms all summer — but the meadow was covered with ice. He darted hopefully from one familiar bird cupboard to another. But they, too, held nothing but ice.

Bertie became very frightened. "I've GOT to find Ann!" he wailed. "Or I'll starve to death!"

Through the freezing air, he flew once more on his frantic search. Then, while skimming low over a sumac bush, Bertie saw the fluttering movement of a little grey bird on the bush. Quickly circling around, he took a second look.

"Why!" he cried happily. "It's Johnny Junco! He can help me find my breakfast just as well as Ann!"

But after lighting on the bush, Bertie discovered that poor little Johnny could not help him, after all. For Johnny was in a terrible fix, himself. He had caught his wing on the sharp, ice-covered tip of a sumac branch.

Bertie forgot about his breakfast and pitched in to help Johnny. He grabbed the edge of Johnny's wing in his beak, then he pulled and pulled and pulled. But he could not free it. He held tightly to the branch with both feet and tried to push Johnny off with his head. His feet slipped, and off he went, instead!

"It's no use, Johnny!" panted Bertie, hopping back on the bush. "I can't do it!"

"Oh, Bertie!" wailed Johnny. "Please try again! I'm freezing!"

"Just a minute!" Bertie cocked his head to one side, listening. "I hear something!"

SCRUNCH! SCRUNCH! SCRUNCH!

"Footsteps!" continued Bertie. "Somebody's coming up the hill behind us!"

"Maybe it's a CAT!" shuddered Johnny. "Or a hungry fox!"

They listened again, staring at one another with wide eyes.

Bertie finally wagged his head. "No! Sounds more like a HUMAN to me!"

"You're right, Bertie!" exclaimed Johnny, as a young boy suddenly popped up at the top of the hill. "Now, maybe I'll get rescued!" And Johnny started screeching at the top of his lungs to attract the boy.

Bertie looked horrified. "Stop!" he commanded. "That's MIKE! You don't want HIM to rescue you!"

"I don't?" asked Johnny, puzzled. "Why not?"

"He's an ENEMY!" confided Bertie. "He robs nests of eggs! And snoops around spying on birds all the time!"

"Well, I hope he snoops over here and spies ME!" answered Johnny. "Or I'm a dead Junco!"

Johnny did not need to worry. Mike spied him, all right, and he rescued him and carried him home, as well.

Bertie flew right along, too — just in case Johnny might need him. Mike wouldn't DARE hurt Johnny with Bertie around!

Mike took Johnny to a log cabin playhouse and Bertie flew inside behind them. Then

Mike let Johnny go — and what a surprise the two little birds had!

Mike and his sister, Susie, had fixed up their playhouse as a winter restaurant for birds. Dozens of feeding trays, loaded with delicious food, were nailed to the walls. Perches and swings hung from the ceiling. And the birds could come and go as they pleased through the peephole in the door.

"Chee, Johnny!" cried Bertie. "I was wrong about Mike. He's no enemy! He's a friend!"

"He certainly is!" mumbled Johnny, who had just popped a big piece of suet into his mouth.

Then just as Bertie popped a piece of suet into HIS mouth, little Ann Chickadee flew in



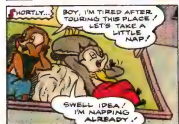
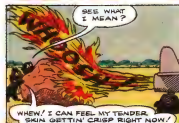
and perched on the tray beside him. "Oh, Bertie!" she cried. "I'm SO glad you found this feeding place! I'm sorry I forgot to tell you that when the Birdman goes away, Mike feeds us!"

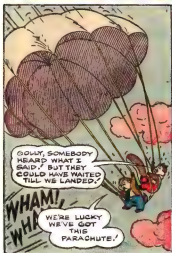
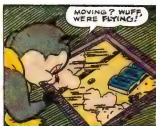
"That's all right, Anni!" chirped Bertie airily. "I just LOVE finding things out the HARD way!"

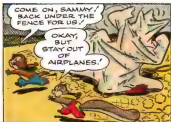
Bertie winked mischievously at Johnny as he popped another piece of suet into his mouth. He knew that he was going to have fun, after all, and that he would have all kinds of exciting stories to tell his family and friends when they got back in the spring. He was glad he had stayed to spend his winter in the snow!

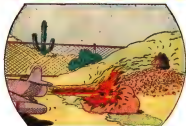
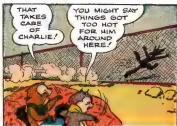




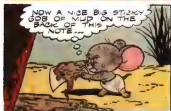
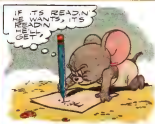
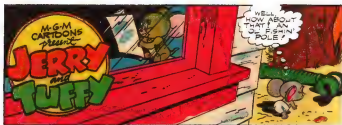


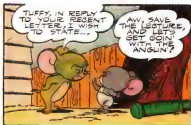




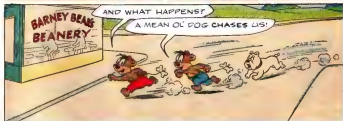






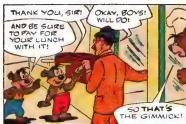






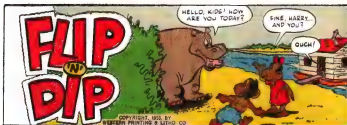


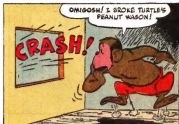
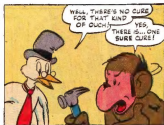




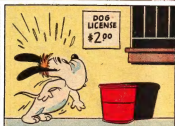
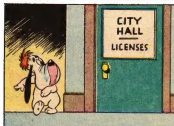
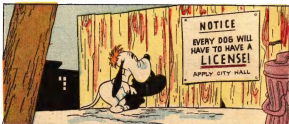








**DROOPY**





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PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

# "SPARK UP- ...you need stamina to pitch!"

said **ROBIN ROBERTS**

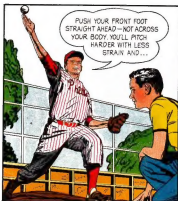
ACE PITCHER, PHILADELPHIA PHILLIES...



ROBIN ROBERTS SHOWED ME THAT BAD FOOTWORK AND LACK OF ENERGY CAUSED ME TO TIRE IN THE LATE INNINGS...



Cut this photo out, look for different champion pictures in other Dell Comics.



## SPARK UP with WHEATIES!

"Breakfast of Champions"

THERE'S A WHOLE KERNEL  
OF WHEAT IN EVERY  
WHEATIES FLAKE



- WHOLE WHEAT HELPS GIVE YOU STAMINA
- WHOLE WHEAT HELPS YOU GROW
- WHOLE WHEAT HELPS GIVE YOU STRONG MUSCLES